And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. *Saylers.*

1. *Say* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you, O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Hell. That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Lys. Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Li. You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hell. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one, nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Li. Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

Hell Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe springs fro the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not see him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hee will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leaule shelter that abutts against the Ilands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

Holl. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Lys. O hee'rs the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,